

Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,
I should make very Forges of my cheekes,
That would to Cynders burne vp Modestie.
Did I but speake thy seedes. What committed?
Heauen stoppes the Nose at it, and the Moone winks:
The bawdy winde that kisses all it meeteres,
Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
And will not hear't. What committed?

Des. By Heauen you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a Strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.

If to preferue this vessell for my Lord,
From any other foule vnlawfull touch
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a Whore?

Des. No, as I shall be sau'd.

Oth. Is't possible?

Des. Oh Heauen forgive vs.

Oth. I cry you mercy then.

I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with *Othello*. You Mistris,

Enter Emilia.

That haue the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keepe the gate of hell. You, you: I you.
We haue done our course: there's money for your paines:
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsaile. *Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceiue?

How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?

Des. Faith, halfe a sleepe.

Emil. Good Madam,

What's the matter with my Lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?

Des. Who is thy Lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Des. I haue none: do not talke to me, *Emilia*,

I cannot weepe: nor answers haue I none,

But what should go by water. Prythee to night,

Lay on my bed my wedding sheetes, remember,

And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Heere's a change indeed. *Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meete I should be vs'd so: very meete.

How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke

The small'st opinion: in my least miserie?

Enter Iago, and Emilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure Madam?

How is't with you?

Des. I cannot tell: those that do teach yong Babes

Do it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes.

He might haue chid me so: for in good faith

I am a Child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter Lady?

Emil. Alas (*Iago*) my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,

Throwne such dispight, and heauy termes vpon her

That true hearts cannot beare it.

Des. Am I that name, *Iago*?

Iago. What name, (faire Lady)?

Des. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore: a Begger in his drinke:

Could not haue laid such termes vpon his Callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know: I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weepe, do not weepe: alas the day.

Emil. Hath she forooke so many Noble Match'es?

Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?

To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weepe?

Des. It is my wretched Fortune.

Iago. Bestrew him for't:

How comes this Tricke vpon him?

Des. Nay, Heauen doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternall Villaine,

Some busie and insinuating Rogue,

Some cogging, cozening Slaue, to get some Office,

Haue not deuiz'd this Slander: I will be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, Heauen pardon him.

Emil. A halter pardon him:

And hell gnaw his bones.

Why should he call her Whore?

Who keeps her companie?

What Place? What Time?

What Forme? What likelihood?

The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous Knaue,

Some base notorious Knaue, some scurvy Fellow.

Oh Heauens, that such companions shou'd st vnfold,

And put in euery honest hand a whip

To lash the Rascalls naked through the world,

Euen from the East to th' West.

Iago. Speake within doore.

Emil. Oh fie vpon them: some such Squire he was

That turn'd your wit, the seamy-side without,

And made you to suspect me with the Moore.

Iago. You are a Foole: go too.

Des. Alas *Iago*,

What shall I do to win my Lord againe?

Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,

I know not how I lost him. Heere I kneele:

If ere my will did trespass 'gainst his Loue,

Either in discourse of thought, or a ctuall deed,

Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sense

Delighted them: or any other Forme.

Or that I do not yet, and euer did,

And euer will, (though he do shake me off

To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deere,

Comfort forswear me. Vnkindnesse may do much,

And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,

But neuer taynt my Loue. I cannot say Whore,

It do's abhorre me now I speake the word,

To do the Act that might the addition earne,

Not the worlds Masse of vanitie could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:

The businesse of the State do's him offence.

Des. If 'twere no other.

Iago. It is but so, I warrant,

Hearke how these Instruments summon to supper:

The Messengers of Venice staies the meate,

Go in, and weepe not: all things shall be well.

Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I do not finde

That thou deal'st iustly with me.

Iago. What in the contrarie?

Rodori. Euery day thou daf'st me with some deuise

Iago, and rather, as it seemes to me now, keep'st from

me all conueniencie, then suppliest me with the least ad-

uantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor

am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already I

haue foolishly suffred.

Iago. Will you heare me *Rodorigo*?

Rodori.

Rodori. I haue heard too much: and your words and
Performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most vniu'stly.

Rodo. With naught but truth: I haue wasted my
selfe out of my meanes. The Jewels you haue had from
me to deliuer *Desdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted a
Votarist. You haue told me she hath receiv'd them,
and return'd me expectations and comforts of sodaine
respect, and acquaintance, but I finde none.

Iago. Well, go too: very well.

Rod. Very well, go too: I cannot go too, (man) nor
tis not very well. Nay I think it is scurvy: and begin to
finde my selfe sopp in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rodori. I tell you, 'tis not very well: I will make my
selfe knowne to *Desdemona*. If she will returne me my
Jewels, I will giue over my Suit, and repent my vnlaw-
full solicitation. If not, assure your selfe, I will seeke
satisfaction of you.

Iago. You haue said now.

Rodo. I: and said nothing but what I protest intend-
ment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: and
euen from this instant do build on thee a better o-
pinion then euer before: giue me thy hand *Rodorigo*.
Thou hast taken against me a most iust excepti-
on: but yet I protest I haue dealt most directly in thy
Affaire.

Rod. It hath not appeer'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeer'd: and
your suspition is not without wit and iudgement.
But *Rodorigo*, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which
I haue greater reason to beleue now then euer (I
meane purpose, Courage, and Valour) this night
shew it. If thou the next night following enioy not
Desdemona, take me from this world with Treache-
rie, and deuise Engines for my life.

Rod. Well: what is it? Is it within, reason and com-
passe?

Iago. Sir, there is especiall Commission come from
Venice to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? Why then *Othello* and *Desdemona*
returne againe to Venice.

Iago. Oh no: he goes into Mauritania and taketh
away with him the faire *Desdemona*, vnlesse his a-
bode be lingred heere by some accident. Where-
in none can be so determinate, as the remouing of
Cassio.

Rod. How do you meane remouing him?

Iago. Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's*
place: knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would haue me to do.

Iago. I: if you dare do your selfe a profit, and a
right. He sups to night with a Harlotry: and thither
will I go to him. He knowes not yet of his Honourable
Fortune, to if you will watch his going thence (which
I will fashion to fall out betweene twelue and one)
you may take him at your pleasure. I will be neere
to second your Attempt, and he shall fall betweene
vs. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with
me: I will shew you such a necessitie in his death, that
you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It
is now high supper time: and the night growes to wast:
About it.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfi'd.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello, Lod.

Lod. I do beseech you

Oth. Oh pardon me

Lodoni. Madam,

Ladyship.

Des. Your Honour

Oth. Will you wa

Des. My Lord.

Othello. Get you

turn'd forthwith: dis

be done.

Des. I will my Lor

Am. How goes it

Des. He saies he w

And hath commande

And bid me to dismis

Emil. Dismiss m

Des. It was his bi

Giue me my nightl

We must not now di

Emil. I, would y

Des. So would not

That euen his stubbo

(Prythee vn-pin me)

Emil. I haue laid th

Des. All's one: good

If I do die before, pry

In one of these same S

Emil. Come, cor

Des. My Mother h

She was in loue: and

And did forsake her.

An old thing 'twas: b

And she dy'd fingering

Will not go from my

But to go hang my he

And sing it like poore

Emil. Shall I go

Des. No, vn-pin m

This *Lodovico* is a prop

Emil. A very han

Des. He speaks w

Emil. I know a L

barefoot to Palestine

Des. The poore Sou

Sing all a greene Willough

Her hand on her bosome

Sing Willough, Willough

The fresh Streames ran b

Sing Willough, &c.

Her salt teares fell from

Sing Willough, &c.

Willough, Willough. (Pry

Sing all a greene Willough

Let no body blame him, b

(Nay that's not next.

Emil. It's the wi

Des. I call'd my Lon

Sing Willough, &c.

If I court no women, you